

Volume 8, Issue 18

March 16, 1994

STUDENT REVIEW

An Independent Forum for Student Thought



This well-known species is not a true robin, in that it has no close kinship with the familiar Robins, *Erithacus rubecula*, of Europe. The North American bird is a large thrush, whose closest relatives are birds like the European Blackbird, *Turdus merula*, and Mistlethrush, *Turdus migratorius*. The American Robin is so called because early colonists from the British Isles, noting the red breast, gave it the name of the familiar bird of their homeland.

Like its cousins in other parts of the world, the American Robin has adapted readily to the presence of nesting in yards and feeding in lawns. In the wilder parts it retains the

forest bird. The Robin builds itself a cup-shaped nest of mud lined with grasses, in which four or five eggs are laid. These aggressive and

elusive habits characteristic of its family range of its range. -uniquely

broods in a season. In late summer, they feed heavily on fruit and insects, when the population is at its peak.

seen on the ground some interesting

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Protecting BYU's Athletes: see page 9

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Note from the Publisher

When I decided to take on the job of *SR* publisher, it scared me. *Student Review* has been a big part of my life here at BYU, but previously I'd let the business, production, and others ends of the magazine slide. I was a writer, and writers don't sweat that stuff, right?

Well, I sweat now. It's been good for me, I'm sure: forced me to develop new skills, taught me to appreciate others, raised my awareness, all that good stuff. I'm glad I took it on. But it sure hasn't been comfortable. Being responsible for *SR*, even if in just a small way, has been one of the most stressful tests of my life.

Of course, maybe tests are just on my mind these days. Four days ago I was approached by a man as I rode my bike up to campus; he was a transient, and needed a place to stay. We talked for three hours, he challenging me to live up to the Christian faith I profess, me dithering. It would have been easy to brush him off as a con man—after all, when a guy sits you down and quotes you scripture and asks for money, saying that the doubts you feel are "Satan's vibes," you might have reason to suspect you're being scammed. But then, even if he was a cynical man with a practiced routine, does that mean I needn't help him? Are we expected to be Christian always, or only when we're not being taken advantage of?

I ended up helping him out; not as much as I could, maybe more than I should. Honest or not, he put me to the test, and it wasn't comfortable at all.

SR puts lots of people to the test—me, wondering if I'll do everything I can to keep this flawed but still struggling magazine alive; you, deciding if you care. If it's any consolation, you're not alone. A lot of people have sacrificed a lot for this publication: putting up with administrative harassment when they've told BYU where to stick it; getting kicked out of their apartments by angry landlords; and, in the case of this issue's article by Matt MacLean, having their sources physically threatened by football players who don't want their illegal behavior exposed (if you're wondering why there's so many anonymous quotes in that article, well, that's why). *Student Review* is not a take-it-or-leave-it enterprise; it asks for a lot, from its staff, and its friends.

Of course, *SR* is as fun as it ever was; maybe even more so, if late-night desperation counts as fun. This publication still has what it takes. Sure we make mistakes: we fight amongst ourselves, we take sides, switch them, switch back again. We're evolving, for good or bad. Just like BYU. Just like you.

If there's a point to these ramblings, it is this: I'm proud of *Student Review*, even if I perhaps haven't been entirely up to the test of giving BYU exactly the sort of responsible-yet-funny student magazine it deserves. Maybe *nobody's* up to that test. But the need—the challenge—is still there, and so I try, as do our editors and copy editors (and our accountant, Will Bown), as have many others over the years. It's not always comfortable, but it is worth doing. As best I (we) can, for as long as I (we) can. And maybe even longer.

Staff People of the Week:

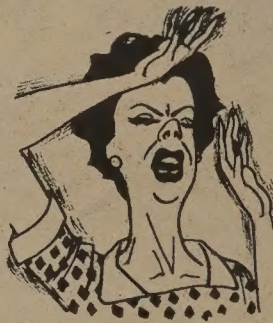
The semester is winding down. Many people have become too busy to be involved with a silly independent paper that doesn't pay anything. So we'd like to thank those that are hanging tough. There are many of them, but at the risk of leaving some out, we would like to thank a few especially.

JenniLynn Merten came in mid-semester and has done a fantastic job as Issues & Opinions editor. With the help of Lee Follett they have put together some extremely good pieces that have been highlights of the semester.

Derk Koldewyn was the only editor at copy editing meeting this week. Thanks Derk.

Scott Craig for giving us all of his insights and being one of the most reliable people to ever work on the paper.

Thanks folks. We hope you stick around.



STUDENT REVIEW Year VIII • Issue XVIII

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Student Review is an independent student publication serving Provo's student community. Because *SR* is an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, *SR*, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or the makers of Rogaine with Monaxadil.

Waterman responds

To the editor:

While I may end up conceding to Professors Hamblin and Peterson on a few points, I'm afraid I have to defend the bulk of my article on Signature Books (8:15) against their accusations of "errors of fact," "innuendo," "name-calling," and poor research methods.

Hamblin and Peterson claim my sources are merely "informants" from SB, based on my assertion that the derogatory name "Korihor Press" was "applied to [Signature] by a BYU religion professor in a book review." True, the exact phrase "Korihor Press" does not appear in the book review. However, is it that great a leap from the original quote: "Korihor's back, and this time he's got a printing press" (*Review of Books on the Book of Mormon* [RBBM] 3:312)? Either way, the usage was hardly appropriate for Christian discourse.

Second, P & H question the claim that Signature "had their attorney merely ask for an apology" for the Korihor remark; they ask, "Does Signature always conduct its correspondence through lawyers?" F.A.R.M.S., although it claims independent status from the Church, enjoys favorable treatment from the "institution" of the Church, a sense of security Signature as a corporation does not. If F.A.R.M.S. or people associated with it disagree with something published by Signature Books (or anyone else for that matter), they can rely on the Church's "clipping service" (Elder Oaks' term) to provide Church authorities with underlined copies of "offensive" material, then passed to local leaders, many of whom, in an excess of zeal, resort to Church disciplinary measures to try to bring offenders around to an "orthodox" position. While it cannot be proved (and I wouldn't seek to) that F.A.R.M.S. takes advantage in this way of its privileged status with LDS authorities, that avenue of recourse is available. What comparable options does Signature have? (Cf. the Church's threats to sue the makers of *Godmakers II*.)

On Peterson and Hamblin's third point I concede, though not without comment. Contrary to P & H's implication, I was familiar with Peterson's introduction to RBBM volume 4. When I refreshed myself on this article while writing mine, however, I failed to notice Peterson's concession that not all Signature material is "wholly without value" and that "a substantial number of Signature's efforts have been both significant and free of any evident agenda" (li). Still, half a paragraph lodged in the middle of seventy-five pages of polemic that characterized Signature, its owner, its editors and its authors as bent on undermining faith in the LDS church, hardly convinces me that Peterson is happy Signature exists. If my article had a main purpose in being written, it was to point out the diversity of Signature's titles, and that I see that diversity as a strong argument against the type of criticism that characterizes Signature as an evil, monolithic entity. (Note my quote from Gary Bergera, that Signature *does* have an agenda: publishing work on Mormon Studies that wouldn't be printed elsewhere. That hardly is the same agenda P & H and others would seek to identify.)

Fourth, Peterson and Hamblin want to know why, if Signature refuses to accept the label "anti-Mormon," does their current catalog offer a book by Wesley Walters and Michael Marquardt? The book in question will be published by Smith Research Associates, a firm separate from Signature. It will be distributed by Signature, and hence is included in the catalog. (Incidentally, Signature acts as a distributor for many books and periodicals they don't actually publish.) It will not bear Signature's imprint. On a related matter, the use of a term like "anti-Mormon" really has little definitive meaning (a problem Peterson acknowledges in the intro to volume 4). Certainly nothing Signature has printed can be compared to the *Godmakers* films. Rather, the material P & H class as anti-Mormon is assigned that label because it does not come to the same conclusions P & H arrive at. Neither, I suspect, does work by non-Mormons such as Jan Shipps, but one would hardly call her or her publisher (U of Illinois) anti-Mormon.

Fifth, P & H seek to make me guilty of name-calling. Assuming my use of the term "the Jack Weyland audience" was intended to denote "scholarly and intellectual opponents of Signature Books" couldn't be more off. If they would re-read the paragraph in which that phrase appeared, they would see that I applied that term to Mormons who consume pop-fiction and find solid literary works such as those by Levi Peterson uncomfortable. Concerning the term "ultra-orthodox," I apologize to Dr. Peterson and other scholars of Near Eastern Studies for whom that phrase might conjure extremely unpleasant images. By it, I meant that I see F.A.R.M.S. as being anxiously engaged in defending orthodox interpretations of Mormon history and scripture, as opposed to "orthodox" Saints who probably don't give the issues a second thought.

Finally, I have to express my sadness that P & H, in their response to my article, fell back into the very trap I hoped to make people aware of—that of using character attacks in place of scholarly argument, and "totalizing" groups in order to sway an audience without really proving anything. How can P & H possibly presume to know how many of Signature's authors believe in God or the events surrounding the restoration? This is the same problem the "Korihor" reviewer fell into (see RBBM 3:312, 314, 317-8) in attempting to create a singular entity and agenda for "Signature Books." It is ironic that Dr. Peterson would conclude his seventy-five page diatribe against Signature with a disclaimer that opinions and reviews in RBBM are those of individual authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of F.A.R.M.S., without granting the same immunity to Signature Books. If I fell into the same trap by assuming all F.A.R.M.S. authors agree on everything, I apologize.

Will there come a time when those who disagree within the Mormon community—on all sides—can debate over scholarship without making personal attacks? Can we remember Jesus' injunction to love our enemies (Matt. 5:44)? Can we take President Hinckley seriously when he says (as he did recently at the Marriott Center) that "the snide remarks, the sarcasm, the cutting down of associates—these too often are the essence of our conversations"? We can only hope for such a community.

Sincerely,
Bryan Waterman



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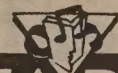
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Campus Life

Top Twenty

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|------------------------|
| 1. bathroom breaks | 8. live wires | 15. spectacular deaths |
| 2. spit wads | 9. pesto sauce | 16. sweat |
| 3. instinct | 10. Gonzo | 17. Manitoba |
| 4. romance languages | 11. vinyl pants | 18. pasta accents |
| 5. Paul Bunyan | 12. ESP | 19. sucking marrow |
| 6. goatees | 13. grass | 20. equinox |
| 7. postponement | 14. earplugs | |

Bottom Ten yield signs, verbal contracts, unfounded aggression, taking measurements, black widows, bomb threats, manipulation, public lawn love, awkward encounters, lengthy texts

Things to Do in Warm Weather

by Scott E. Baldwin

Warm weather is good. No more parkas; no more ice; no more strange men in big green Pintos trying to lure me into their car with the oh-so-tempting claim of being *Mr. Jack Frost*. Goodbye strange men—here comes the sun.



And as if the weather itself wasn't good enough, now we can play outside. So wipe that upside-down smile off of your face and try some of these suggestions:

1) Get a baseball and a bat. Go over to the Harmon Building by the big shiny glass windows. Pretend you are Babe Ruth and point out where your home-run will go, like maybe a second-floor office.

Batter up! Run, Babe Ruth, run!

2) Early one morning, take some apples, paint them exceedingly white, and place them all around the Tree of Life sculpture, north of the library. Hide and watch the fun unfold!

3) With a shovel and pick, dig until you find groundwater. When you strike the mother-lode, yell "Eureka!" and dance around in your self-made pit.

4) Get on a bike and ride up on campus when the sidewalks are filled. Start on the grass and get a headstart. As you're speeding towards the people-strewn sidewalk, yell "No brakes!", and get a real wild look of abandon on your face. Throw yourself from the bike before you hit anyone and just laugh for a little while, because, man, that was pretty funny.

5) Wear shin-length, fluorescent green bermuda shorts along with an "I love Iran"—t-shirt. When

see "warmth" on page 7

How to deal with P.A.S

by Greg Neil

Have you ever been walking through campus, and then come to an abrupt halt with the sudden understanding of what it means to be at *BYU*? In *Provo*? If you have, you most likely suffer from P.A.S., the Provo Anxiety Syndrome. If you haven't ever had this experience, you've probably lived here all of your life, in which case I suggest seeking professional help.

Some of the more common symptoms of P.A.S. include participating in violent debates about the housing policy, having the irresistible urge to get in a car and see how far away half a tank of gas will go, and dreaming of being chained naked to a table at a casserole buffet while Afterglow performs their greatest hit. (I first noticed that I might have P.A.S. when I locked myself in the bathroom for an entire weekend, and listened to Zeppelin's "Going to California" two-hundred and thirteen times in a row while pretending to surf in my tub.) My doctor informed me that there is only one cure to this common disease. I had to focus on all the things that I like about *BYU*. After months of treatment, I now know why this is the most perfect of all possible universities.

I really like the drinking fountains in the SFLC. If you haven't ever tried them, consider yourself left out. The pressure level is perfect, and if you close your eyes, it almost feels like you're making out with a mermaid! Kudos to the SFLC drinking fountain maintenance team!

Another plus for *BYU* is the intense protection that I receive as a student. For example, in the RB they protect me with an ink marking, used to thwart those cunning, less than worthy heathens who would infiltrate my basketball games. It's not much unlike the red mark the Amlicites put on their foreheads in the third chapter of *Alma*.

I also must applaud the speed at which waning toilet paper rolls are replaced in campus rest rooms. I never need to fear the prospect of being stuck with nothing but a brown cardboard tube in the dispenser. I have also noticed, to my extreme pleasure, that much of the dreaded one-ply has been replaced by quilted two-ply. My tuition is being well spent!

There are so many things that make this university special. And when problems arise, the voice of the students always proves victorious. For example, it was not too long ago that the long standing ban on indecent calf and ankle exposure was lifted. And it was only a few weeks ago that we elected what's-his-name to be the new *BYUSA* president. If we continue to speak our mind, who knows what obstacles we can conquer! Dr. Pepper could be sold on campus in it's pure, caffeinated form. Men (and women) could be allowed to grow excessive facial hair. And maybe we could even sponsor an annual cross dressing week.

By thinking positively, my symptoms of P.A.S. have gone into remission. Start making your own list now of why *BYU* is so special to you, before it's too late. Always think of the good things about *BYU*, and if you don't like something, do something about it! It's the voice of the people that makes this university so strong. We can choose our own destiny! Who knows, I might even see the fulfillment of my own personal fantasy of watching the Young Ambassadors perform the Broadway hit musical "Hair" on the checkerboard quad. Anything can happen.



MATTHEW



Fifty ways to meet your maker

This week's column takes a sobering peek at a question so important that everyone must come to grips with it at some point: Why did Maclain Stevenson *really* leave the original cast of *M*A*S*H*? Oops, you'll have to excuse me. My roommates are watching the "E!" network in the other room and it gets distracting sometimes. This week's column is actually about aging and death.

I became worried about aging a few weeks ago when several "younger" friends of mine began mocking me because I was old. You should have heard them; they called me "old guy." Even though I'm a tender 24 years old, I'm already over the hill according to many in this town. To make matters worse, my sociology class began discussing the problems of the elderly. I had no idea that things are getting so bad for me. From what I read, I will continue to be picked on because of my age, have troubles finding work because of my age, and will soon become a victim of abuse at the hands of my children. While that's not too cool, I guess I have already beaten the rap in many ways. I don't have a real job or any kids and therefore they haven't given me too many troubles. People still do pick on me, however, and my friends have threatened to have me committed to a nursing home if I keep forgetting to flush the toilet. As if this isn't bad enough, the future doesn't look much more promising. If you're old, pretty soon you're going to die.

That's right, death has been on my mind lately and it hangs over me like a very evil cloud of, uh, black stuff. Anyway, I had this dream where I died after being hit on the face with a stop sign, and I've been obsessed ever since. That made me ask the obvious question: How do I want to die? After the dream, I figured that the stop sign option was definitely out of the question. Not quite sure of the best way to check out, I conducted an informal survey of my friends and acquaintances. Everyone seems to have an idea of how they want to die. It usually involves dying while sleeping or involved in acts that my editors won't allow me to describe in this paper. After those early responses, I altered my survey to ask, "What is a fun or amusing way to die that *doesn't* involve industrial sized vats of *Jell-O*?" That question provided answers I could actually print, so here they are.

A common theme in the whole "How do you want to die" issue is speed. Many of you want to die while doing something fast. (Actually, many of the unprintable responses also fall into this category.) I had people tell me they wanted to die while parachuting, bungee jumping, drag racing, and speed skating. Others just wanted to die extremely fast. Campus Life editor Michelle Moore clocked in with the quickest death of all, "I just want to explode."

In the fast death category there fell the "major accident" subset. The favorite tool of death? You guessed it, the Mack Truck. Everyone who wanted to be hit by a truck asked for the Mack Truck by name. I'm not sure if the people at Mack know that they have such name recognition, but they could certainly make some spiffy new ads using that information. ("Mack Trucks, we do the job right!") Oddly enough, my mother is a Mack Truck woman: "When I'm 90, I want to be hit by a Mack Truck while roller skating down the street." Yes sir, that's my mom, a woman who dares to dream.

While almost all of the non-carnal death fantasies fell into one of these first two categories, some simply cannot be pigeon-holed. The best example of this comes from *Student Review's* own Sam Cannon. "I want to be drown in a sea of salsa. I would have a big nacho raft in the beginning, but the salsa would be so good that I would have to break off pieces of the nacho and eat it. After a while, I would be clinging to a small piece of nacho that I would inevitably shove into my mouth. Soon after I would drown in the salsa. It's kind of a slow way of dying, but at least I'd be full."

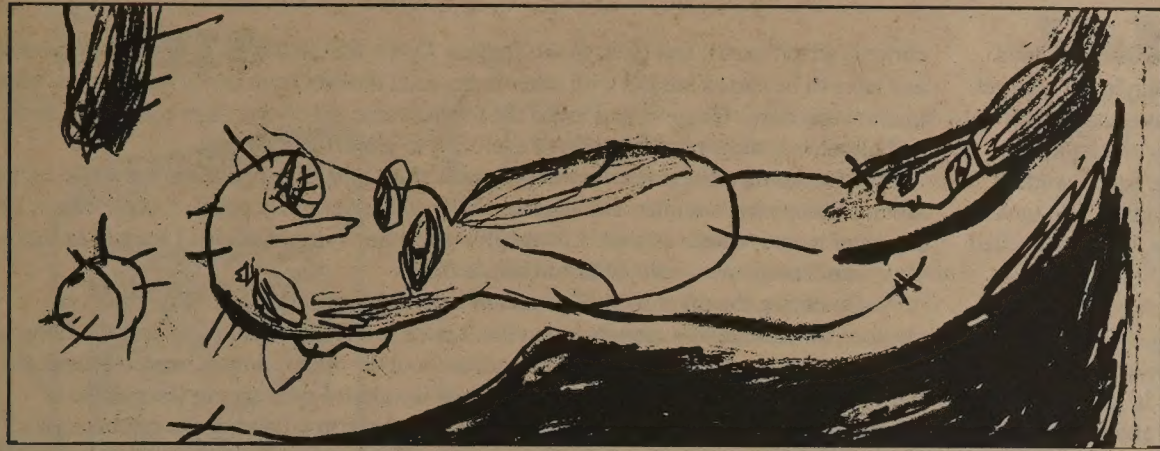
As for me, I want to die on a railroad track. I'd like to be really old and unable to get out of the way as the train comes

see "Maker" on page 7

Issues & Opinions

The Middle East Peace Dis-Accord

by Leo W. Duren



Monday, September 13, 1993, was a day of emotional celebration in the Holy Land. The party began only moments after Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) spokesman Mahmoud Abbas and Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres signed the Declaration of Principles on Palestinian self-rule on the White House lawn. Israeli students who had gathered in public squares to watch the event on television began to dance wildly and embrace one another. Thousands of Arabs in the Occupied Territories paraded through congested streets, triumphantly waving the red, green, white and black Palestinian flag. Palestinians in the Gaza Strip even handed out flowers to Israeli soldiers.

Today the mood in Israel and the Occupied Territories is quite different. Post-Peace Accord euphoria has given way to extreme cynicism and the renewal of violence. The 1.8 million Arabs living in the Occupied Territories (the Golan Heights, East Jerusalem, the West Bank and Gaza) are more pessimistic now about the prospect of having their own state than prior to signing the agreement in Washington. Correspondingly, most Israeli Jews feel that peaceful coexistence with Arabs becomes more of an unrealistic hope as each month passes.

Why has the Mideast Accord failed to reduce tensions and create peace? The answer lies in a key miscalculation by the leaders who forged the agreement. Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and PLO chairman Yasir Arafat and

their respective negotiating teams, gambled that the Peace Agreement's provisions for upgrading the condition of Arab communities and for beginning talks after September 1998 on Palestinian statehood would pacify Palestinians during the five year transitional period. This tactic backfired once initial efforts to produce local improvements became bogged down in drawn-out debate. Arabs soon began to resent the accord once they fully realized that it included no concrete assurances of a future homeland. In essence, the peace process has failed to address the urgency of the situation. After twenty-seven years of existing under harsh occupation in Third World living conditions, residents wanted to see immediate changes. Before the signing, several Palestinian leaders and scholars foresaw increased civil unrest and failure in the peace process unless everyday problems in the territories were addressed without delay. Zaid Abu Amr, a political scientist at Bir Zeit University on the West Bank, commented; "They must do something fast. Both Arafat and Rabin need to show their respective constituencies there are (immediate) gains."

The predominant Arab opinion is that the negotiators and politicians have not been working fast enough to bridge the living conditions gap. The contrast between their material and educational circumstances and those of Israeli citizens is obvious to all Palestinians. Per capita income in the territories is just \$1,350 a year, one-eighth the

level in Israel.² The unemployment rate for the adult Palestinian population lies between 40-60 percent, depending on the area.³ In Israel it lingers around 9 percent. Many Arab towns in Gaza and the West Bank have only open sewers running through street gutters, while such unsanitary conditions are unheard of in Jewish settlements. Power lines often bypass Palestinian villages en route to Zionist enclaves. The Arab literacy rate of 70 percent continues to lag well behind the Jewish rate of 92 percent.⁴

Palestinians have not accused the Israeli government or the PLO of side-stepping these inequalities. Arab residents recognize that the accord does directly address their sub-par living conditions. Annex 3 of the Declaration of Principles provides for a Palestinian Continuing Committee for Economic Cooperation which will focus on economic developments, transportation, water rights, electricity, trade and other critical matters.

Arab discontentment with the agreement exists primarily because of negotiating delays. Several months after the accord was signed in Washington, Palestinians began to accuse the Rabin government of dragging its feet. Residents in the Occupied Territories saw no immediate efforts being made to improve their conditions. This fostered the perception that both negotiating parties and foreign nations were less committed to developing the territories than they professed to be. The situation has grown worse now that foreign aid has been

delayed due to negotiation hang-ups. Palestinian leaders have yet to see one penny of the \$2 billion pledged by the international community (\$600 million of it from the U.S.). These delays in the ground-level implementation of the Mideast accord have led many Palestinians to believe that Israel does not intend to grant them a state in the future. Israel's leadership and supporters naturally discount this idea as a ridiculous assumption, but it is a widespread Arab view nonetheless.

Palestinian delegates cite one Israeli policy in particular to support their claim that the government is not negotiating in good faith. In the wake of Dr. Baruch Goldstein's massacre of Palestinians at prayer in the Mosque of Abraham several weeks ago, an increasing number of Jewish and Arab leaders are demanding that Israel begin dismantling some of the 140 Jewish settlements in the Occupied Territories. Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin has answered these calls by repeatedly insisting the issue cannot be discussed for another two years under the Peace Agreement. Actually, article 5 of the accord states that negotiations on the permanent status of Jewish settlements "will commence as soon as possible, but no later than" two years from September 1994.⁵ The relocation of Israeli villages in the Occupied Territories is an essential preparatory step to the formation of a Palestinian State. Therefore, Arabs naturally interpret Israeli political pivoting on this issue as a potential threat to eventual self-government.

The gravest oversight made by Arafat, Rabin and the other diplomats who helped forge the agreement, was their failure to address the martial policies which govern the Israeli occupation. Israeli military oppression and brutality is the primary source of Palestinian anger. Even had the living condition improvements in the occupied lands started on schedule, continued suffering under the occupation alone would have led most Arabs to soon abandon the accord.

A few months ago, I interviewed a group of Palestinian students from the West Bank town of Ramallah, located just north of Jerusalem. Faris Aboushi, Eyas Hmouz, Suhail Bahu and Firas Hareb are currently attending BYU on the Palestinian Scholarship program sponsored through the Jerusalem Center. With their help, I came to better understand the realities of living under occupation.

They openly shared detailed accounts of their personal experiences. All had been involved to some degree in the Intifada. (The Intifada—Arabic for "shaking off"—is the grass-

roots Palestinian uprising that began in December 1987 in Gaza and subsequently spread to all the Occupied Territories. It continues today.) One of the young men had been shot, and another spent several months in prison for participating in the protest. They personally knew individuals who had been tortured by Israeli soldiers. One such young man who had been shot moments before his arrest, had his hands tied to a pole behind his back. A soldier then proceeded to insert a pen into the bullet wound and jerk it around in an effort to get names from him of other Intifada participants.

There are many similar reports that support the Palestinian students' accounts of human rights abuses in the Occupied Territories. During a December 1993 news conference, the Israeli rights group B'Tselem reported that Israeli soldiers had killed 1,067 Palestinians since the outbreak of the Intifada. The Swedish Save the Children Fund, in research financed by the Ford Foundation, announced in mid-1990 that Israeli troops used "severe, indiscriminate and recurrent" violence against Arab children in the territories. It said 159 children with an average age of ten had been killed between 1985 and 1987, while 6,500 had been wounded by gunfire.⁶ Tragically, Israeli soldiers continue to shoot at rock-throwing Palestinian teenagers with plastic and metal bullets to supplement their use of tear gas.

Unrelenting oppression and persistent substandard living conditions in the Occupied Territories have already ruined the legitimacy of the Mideast Peace Accord text for many Arabs. The peace process must somehow adapt in light of this reality. The wise and humanitarian course of action would be to drop all timetables from the agreement's text and immediately begin negotiating all issues. Now that Palestinians have concrete evidence that Israel is finally ready to discuss the establishment of a Palestinian State—albeit on its own terms—a lasting peace is within sight.

1. John Kifner, *New York Times*, Sept. 20, 1993.
 2. Steven Greenhouse, *New York Times*, Sept. 9, 1993.
 3. Youssef M. Ibrahim, *New York Times*, Dec. 10, 1993.
 4. *The 1994 World Almanac*, St. Martin's Press, p. 776.
 5. Clyde Haberman, *New York Times*, March 3, 1994.
 6. Jackson Diehl, *Washington Post*, May 17, 1990.
- Excerpts from "The Status of Palestinian Children During the Uprising in the Occupied Territories," appear in "Documents and Source Material," *Journal of Palestine Studies*, Spring 1988, 66-79.

Eavesdroppings

Friday, March 11, 9:32pm: Enclave apartments

Young man: So there I was with my pants to my knees holding a sunflower.

Young woman: So why were they chasing you with a sledgehammer?

Sunday, March 6, 11:20am: Testimony meeting just after a man blesses his baby

Man: When we were first married my wife and I could barely make pancakes together, and now we have a baby.

Wednesday, March 9, 11:41am: Clark building

Anxious engaged man: Since I'm engaged the idea of taking a class on intimacy has really spermated me on.

Monday, March 7, 9:08am: from the top of the Benson Science Building

Construction worker: BYU sucks!

Sunday, March 13, 9:53pm: Brittany Lounge

Young woman: Then you wouldn't have a baby, you'd have a pot roast.

Arts & Letters

A Few Days in the Life of a BYU Vagabond in Europe...

by Matt MacLean

June 6... Interlaken, Switzerland. Came up here from Lucerne two days ago on a gut-wrenching train ride through horrifically high mountains. I'm staying at a hostel called "Balmer's," famous among Let's Go'ers for its USA-frat atmosphere, with plenty of CNN, MTV and German beer to go around. It's a very friendly place though, and I'm enjoying it. Today I went up to Grindelwald with two guys (one from Sweden and one from California) I met at Balmer's to hike on Mt. Eiger and Jungfrau. We took a train part way up, and on the way we met a "Kiwi" (that's what the New Zealander called himself) on his way up to paraglide off the mountain. There were some Swiss up there already getting their parachutes ready. Well, turns out that some of the chutes were tandem (for two people), and after chatting with these guys a while, they offered to take us down. "ME?! NO WAY!!!" my mind screamed, but my flesh agreed, trying to be as courageous as my two companions. Yes, today I jumped off a cliff high in the Swiss Alps.

June 20... Annecy, France. This town is almost sickeningly ornate and quite quaint; maybe that's why it's swamped with tourists. I'm really getting sick of them. So I decided to do a "normal" thing, where hopefully I could meet some "normal" people. I went to the public library. I can't read French, but still it was great. There I met Alexandra. Oooh! A chance for a wild romance with a beautiful French maiden?! But no, it's strictly platonic. Anyway, she was just as fascinated with me as I was with her and she invited me to stay at her house a couple of days at a village near here; we could ride horses in the Alps and all sorts of things. I was ecstatic, and then crushed when she phoned her mom for permission and received an unequivocal answer of NO. But her friend Stephan had a more lenient family, and they extended me the same offer. Stephan is great; I feel like I've known him all my life. I've known him for only six hours, yet we've been talking about everything from nuclear disarmament to Claudia Schiffer. I spent the evening playing soccer in their backyard with his brothers and sisters, and later making pastries with them and his mom.

July 8... Prague, Czechoslovakia. I'm convinced that Prague is the most beautiful city in Europe—maybe in the world; and there's such a strong spirit to this city... it feels so alive! I love it here. Maybe the best part is the prices. I met a Canadian girl here named Jennifer, and we went to a nice-looking restaurant to eat. We took the most expensive item on the menu—a full course steak dinner with dessert and everything; all for 68 Kurona... about \$2.20!! Broke as I am, I feel like a king here! Like I can buy anything I want! But it's sad to see how the locals can't afford anything in their own stores; they can only look. Capitalism has brought all the luxuries here, but not the wealth to obtain them. It's fascinating to be here, talking with Czechs, seeing first-hand the changes they are going through. Yesterday I saw a street sign that bore Lenin's name, but with another name painted on top of it. Tomorrow I will leave for Poland, to Katowice, where I hope to be able to see the remains of the Auschwitz Nazi death camp.

July 19... Stuttgart, Germany. Had a long day today. It started in Brandenburg, East Germany, where I'd had a great few days hiking and swimming in lakes (perhaps polluted), staying with friends there I'd met in Czechoslovakia. I made my way south to an incredible little walled medieval town (almost perfectly preserved) called Dinkelsburl (the name fits). That was where I met Wolfgang. Dinkelsburl has no train station, and so I was trying to hitch a ride out to get to another city so I could connect with a train. 'Ol Wolfgang said he'd give me a lift, but first he needed to quench his thirst in a nearby bar. Hoping that Germans have as much alcohol-resistance as their reputation maintains, I agreed. He bought me an alcohol-"frei" beer, and so passed two hours listening to him tell war stories and play games with the coasters. Finally it turned out he didn't even have a car! I was furious, but he just belched and slapped me on the back and said, "It's OK... we're allies!" Luckily, I was soon picked up by a pair of really cool college students, and they took me all the way here to Stuttgart. Never trust beer-swilling Germans named Wolfgang!

July 26... Ayerbe, Spain. I'm out here in a little town in Aragon, called Ayerbe. This morning I took a beautiful ride on a mountain train through the Pyrenees, and as we came out into the foothills, I just decided to get off here. There's absolutely nothing here; I love it! Just a village of open, friendly people, seemingly untouched by the outside world. It's fun being able to use my Spanish for a change too. I spent several hours talking to some old codgers sitting in the shade outside a cafe. As evening fell, everyone took to the streets to come out and talk with their neighbors (everyone seems to know each other here), and I just sat in the middle of the town plaza, eavesdropping on all sorts of interesting conversations. I must really stand out among these simple folk, but they're so friendly, all the same. I've walked out into a pretty field where I'll set up my sleeping bag and spend the night.

Summer coming up quick and you don't know what to do with it? Desperately trying to escape Provo to regain your sanity in time for the next semester? Want to wander the world but are penniless? Well, why not join the flock of college students from all over the country and spend a couple fantastic months as a Eurailer in Europe this summer break?

You've probably heard of such adventurous types and thought how great it would be, and even idly thought to yourself that "I'll have to do that someday..." but knew deep down that you never would because it seems a bit too scary or would probably be too expensive. Well, enough of your inhibitions! I'm here to tell you that a Eurailing adventure in Europe is indeed an adventure, but neither scary nor expensive need it be! And as for putting it off, don't!! The best time to discover and explore Europe is as a young,

curious, adventurous, and (yes) broke student. Don't wait until you're retired and seventy, and have to be carted around with other brain-dead tourists from stuffy hotels to swamped tourist attractions. Go now, and avoid the tourist scene. Everyone likes college students, and moreover, we get in half-price or even free to almost everything!

The foregoing log-entries were experiences that actually happened to me while running around Europe last summer. But together with such memorable positive experiences, I had plenty of negative ones as well. Let me give you some rules of advice I learned to make your wanderings more enjoyable and hassle free:

1. Go during the off season. This means between September and May. Prices are cheaper, hostels are less crowded, you don't need reservations on trains, and the Europeans themselves are in a much better mood, without the tourist droves tramping through their backyards. Besides, Europe is in its most wonderful state during the months of March/April and September/October. Even if you have to go during the summer, go during May-June rather than July-August, when European students themselves go on their holidays, and the number of backpackers jamming in trains and hostels doubles.

2. Bring your scriptures: *Let's Go Europe*. Known popularly as the "Bible" in backpacker culture, *Let's Go* deserves its reputation among travel guides. Its up-to-date listings of hostels, eating locales, and other info is invaluable; and it is written for us—impoverished penny-pinching but thrill-seeking students—not for cash-soaked semi-royalty

tourists. True, it's written by a bunch of Harvard geeks, but the info is good enough for us peasants. *Let's Go*'s only weakness is that it doesn't do much to describe the history and significance of areas. You may want to bring another guide as well for that; and be sure to bring your old humanities textbook to help you ID the weird stuff you see in museums.

3. Travel light, light, light! Any questions? If it's anything more than a few T-shirts, shorts, Levis, a light jacket, camera, towel, toiletries, and Teddy Bear (basically the entire contents of my backpack), you probably don't need it. Do bring a pair of sandals in order to give your (only one) pair of shoes time to air out once in a while. And bring one change of dressy clothes, in case you're in Vienna and have to dress hot so you can go see the state opera. Keep cash in money belts or spread out throughout your pack (not in the pockets!). Always keep a few dollars or Deutschmarks on hand for emergencies (everyone will accept them).

4. Go to church. Not only will it replenish you spiritually, but it's a great way to see people and cultures close up, and often you will end up with lots of invitations to dinner. Some of my greatest experi-

ences were from meeting members in whatever countries I happened to be in on Sundays. You can get the phone numbers and addresses of LDS meeting places in prominent cities before you leave, or just go to the tourist info office in the city. They bend over backwards to help you find anything you want. The word "Mormon" is pretty much the same in any language. I even found the church this way in Budapest, Hungary, as well as the temple in Dresden.

5. Travel alone. I know this may not sound very fun; but in hindsight, I'm very glad I traveled alone. I know that half of my experiences wouldn't have happened if I were with someone else. If you're with someone, you'll always be interacting with them, not the people around you, and hence missing out on half the fun. Also, you're totally independent this way, and can go where you want to go. If you get lonely, you only have to go to a hostel and find another young Eurailer (anyone with a backpack on or *Let's Go* in hand) going your direction. And you can always trust another Eurailer to help if you're in trouble; they're all in the same boat. I met a lot of friends this way.

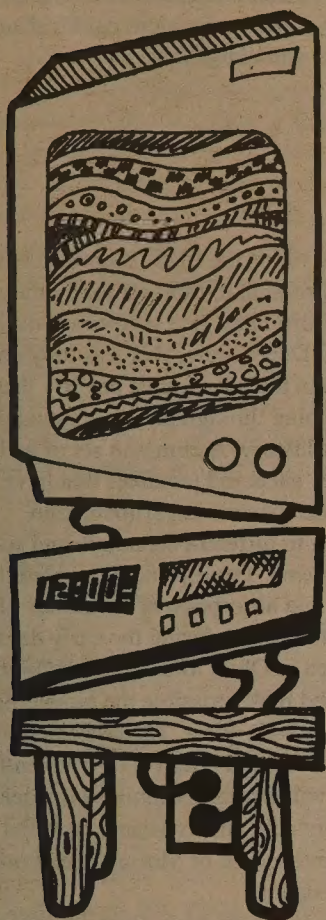
6. Try hitch-hiking. Trains don't go everywhere, and this is a way to save money while meeting (usually) cool people. Hitch-hiking is different in Europe from the way it is here in the U.S. In Europe, normal people do it; and it's generally an accepted means of travel. Some motorists benefit from it by having you pay just a little of the gas costs. Of course, caution must still be used. In the case of women, you probably shouldn't try it alone. Some women may even be anxious about traveling alone period. But I met many women traveling by themselves, and none had any negative experiences with it (as long as you stay out of southern Italy). Still, I recognize that such adventurous women will need to be extra cautious. If you do travel with others, keep the group as small as possible.

7. Spend as much time as you can in the East. You're in for an incredible experience if you venture into Eastern Europe. You may experience occasional discomfort with conditions there, but the interesting things you'll see and the wonderful people you'll meet will more than make up for it. Things will never again be as they are there now, with prices unbelievably inexpensive and people kind and interested in you, almost innocent and yet untainted by capitalist selfishness and apathy.

8. You'd be surprised how exhausting it is to run around a continent, constantly worrying about where to eat, where to sleep, etc. It's good to just stay put in a place for a while, to rest as well as to get deeper into a certain country or culture. I highly recommend participating in one or two international youth workcamps during your wanderings. Organized by CIEE in conjunction with service organizations in the host countries, they provide free food and lodging for a couple of weeks while you give service to a community along with thirty or forty other youth from all over the world. They are a blast, and a great way to meet people. More information on this can be found in the Study Abroad Center in the Kennedy Center, along with info on Eurail tickets, cheap student flights, youth hostel membership and anything else.



From the Dusty Corner of the Video Store



- **The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T.** If Dr. Seuss had joined with Tim Burton (Edward Scissorhands) to make a movie, this would be it. This sing-song yet somewhat dark musical is a must-see for all those who hated practicing piano as a child.
- **Amazon Women on the Moon.** Pretend you're watching late night TV and you keep switching the channels during the commercials of the classic 50s sci-fi film *Amazon Women on the Moon*. That's the movie. But I warn you—you must be in the mood for stupidity and crude humor. But it gets laughs. This is one of the most memorably funny movies I have ever seen.

Undoubtedly, watching movies is one of the most popular pastimes in Provo. Often it's merely diversion, killing time; sometimes it's a convenient excuse to get someone alone in a dark room with you. Regardless, sometimes we get stuck in a rut, unable to find anything in the video store that looks even remotely entertaining. Here at SR we believe that there's no reason to rent some lame action/adventure flick you've seen twenty times before. There's a treasure trove of great videos out there—it's just that most of us normal folks haven't heard of them. We're going to start to unearth a few of these movies every week in an attempt to elevate the cultural literacy of this community. Though we can't be held responsible if your tastes do not match those of the critic, we hope you enjoy the show. We'd even love to get suggestions from you.

- **Bodies, Rest And Motion.** Has the feel of a contemporary short story. Follows a day and a night in the life of four members of the "twentysomething" generation as they try to make their futures, make love, and make decisions in bleak suburban Arizona. Bridget Fonda, Andrew McCarthy.
- **39 Charlie MoPic.** One of the better movies on the Vietnam War. It's made in a documentary style with "footage" filmed by a military cameraman (MoPic) who accompanies a platoon on patrol. This movie debuted a few years ago at the Sundance film festival.

continued...

Maker

rushing towards me. Here's the catch, I want to derail the train in the process. In my ideal world, the train would be full of cattle who would be set free by my death. I can see it now, 1,000 head of cattle run free through the streets of some suburb to announce "Matt is dead." While not the cleanest way to die, I like the train derailment method for two reasons. First, it insures me a closed casket funeral. I've never been too fond of the idea of lots of people gawking at me after I die. Second, I really like the idea of having a death that was so spectacular that it would take a aerial photograph to capture it all.

Before I close this uplifting column, I should say something to you more impressionable readers. Just because we've been talking about death, that doesn't mean you should go out tonight and try to find some funky way to die. You are in the prime of your life and you have to much to look forward to. Besides, if you die today, you'd miss finals next month. You wouldn't want that, right?

continued...

Warmth

people get curious, say, "Why, yes, I am an RM, why do you ask?"

6) As you walk out of the SFLC or SWKT, convince some other students to play a quick game of Red Rover with you. When you line up to start, link hands with the family statues and tell those whoosies to bring it on.

7) Try not bathing for half a week or so. Put on a sweater and some black pants. Sprint around campus, stopping to hug complete strangers along the way.

8) Start turning around in circles while standing in the checkerboard quad. Faster. Faster. Stop and watch the world keep turning. Vomit and smile. Didn't think you could turn around that fast, did you?

9) Go up to one of the large library windows and press your entire body up against it. Make "glass angels" for all the hard-working students. When you're done, laugh at them and skip away like you are about to go play some games.

10) Take a magnifying glass and start burning the backs of people's necks. When they turn to confront you, hide the glass and pretend like you were staring at them. "Heh heh," you can say with an evil smile, "if looks could kill!"

Poetry

"A Mudança e os Bichos"

Plastered to the grass
Gravity, yean, no resistance
from the ether

Spiky trunk, no kids climbing
Invisible sun eclipsed by
guacamole of Damocles

Tree too mean to hug
Atomic weeping willow
thoughts bleed
bugs take interest

Too cool to be cool
So different from different
the same, friend,
the same

Living tomorrow
Reconstituting yesterday
today
the bugs move in

Weary one step forward
Away from was
pulling the bones
is, sister, is

Green bomb falling
Meeting the great I Am
black as angels' wings, brother
the bugs are satisfied

composed and translated by F. Garrett

Western Legacy (Bay of Dead Pigs)

It was a fine spring day in the middle of winter
with a sky being swallowed by gray steel clouds roiling out of a hole between the mountains
he stands on a cliff behind the greek and gothic buildings of the school
go west young man was the sheepskin ambition
but who'd have dreamt he'd have found the cliffs of dover
on the west coast of america?
and gray, at that,
not white

he had a well-thumbed copy of shakespeare in his back pocket
and a thin book of goethe at his feet in the long uncut grass
he used to read the Best Loved Poems of the World
but a literature professor explained them once
before that he used to read lewis carroll, but he
couldn't shake a nagging doubt that maybe the man was a pedophile;
the top song on the charts is by a guy convicted of accessory to murder

his hands are shaking as he stares at the
steel gray water, choppy in this wind
blowing in from the ocean so stiff he can hardly stand upright;
this water where pearls once floated (back to him) and where
missouri once floated and gloated
he's never killed anybody but there's blood all around he's afraid;
he tries to empty his head but his heart never felt as blank as a verse,
and when he tries to dance free like yeats, and sail somewhere,
his feet are trapped in a five foot regular rhythm
like a funeral march. he stares out at the endless
beckoning water and down the cliffs of dover he's wandered so far to get to,
but he feels that even if he jumps he wouldn't fall from anywhere
to anywhere, being essentially blind, and the audience would only laugh
and besides, that's not his part anyway; he's too poor.

still, though... he looks around... maybe he can swim...
then steps into a westerner's satori

Glynne Walley

Religion

A Closer Look At the University of Utah Press

Among the presses that publish books in Mormon Studies, the University of Utah Press ranks as one of the most scholarly. The University of Utah Press publishes works in Utah Geology and Archeology, Literature, Geography, Anthropology, Archeology, Western History, Philosophy, Linguistics, Middle East Studies and Mormon Studies. It is a scholarly press which compliments the University goal to teach and research. Director Nana Anderson said that the pursuit of scholarly publishing in the area of Mormon Studies is a difficult one. While their goal is neutrality and scholarship, they are often viewed as biased. Outside the state they are viewed as pro-Mormon. Inside the state and by Mormons they are viewed as anti-Mormon. They try to combat these prejudices by publishing purely academic work.

The Press's publications in Mormon Studies are overwhelmingly historical works, though they have some philosophical works, like Sterling McMurrin's *Theological Foundations of Mormonism*, and socioeconomic texts like *Mormon's War on Poverty* and *Great Basin Kingdom*. Among the historical literature there are biographies, collections of journals and special topics in Mormon history (e.g. polygamy, etc.).

In the fall of 1994 the Press will release the first in a series of western women's diaries and autobiographies. The series is edited by Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, a BYU history professor.

The ongoing series entitled *Publications in Mormon Studies* released its eighth volume (*Mormon's War on Poverty*) last spring. The series, edited by well-known Mormon scholar Linda Newell, includes such works as Jessie Embry's *Mormon Polygamous Families*, Neal Chandler's *Benediction: A Book of Stories*, and Richard Jensen and Malcolm Thorp's *Mormons in Early Victorian Britain*.

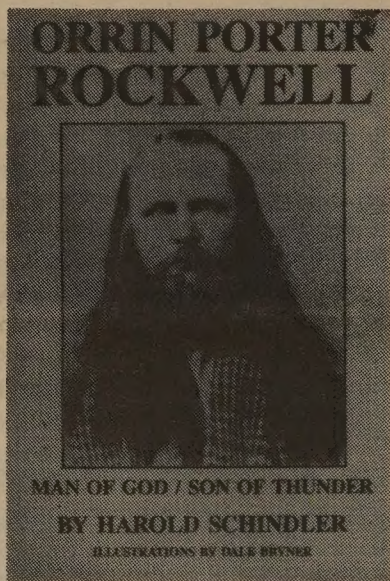
The University of Utah Press houses a wide variety of academic reading material. The quality of scholarship is always high. A catalogue of publications can be obtained by calling (801) 581-6771, or writing to 101 University Services Building, SLC, UT, 84112.

Orrin Porter Rockwell: Man of God/Son of Thunder

by Harold Schindler

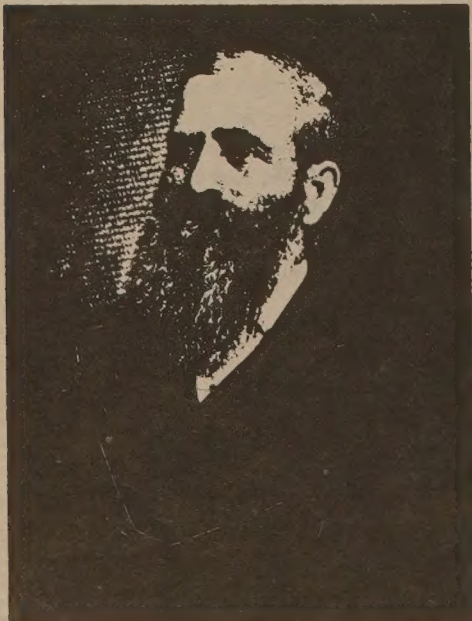
One of Mormonisms most colorful figures, Orrin Porter Rockwell was a man of both myth and controversy. Rockwell is remembered in Mormon history as body guard to the prophet Joseph Smith, and many in the Mormon Church respected him as a close friend and protector to the prophet. He was viewed by these as an orthodox member of the Church. Others believe Rockwell was a ruthless killer whose mere name instilled terror. Accounts of Rockwell's life differ so drastically that it is difficult to draw an accurate picture of the man.

Harold Schindler, the author of the biography entitled *Orrin Porter Rockwell: Man of God/Son of Thunder* tries to present a balanced portrait of Rockwell. Schindler's approach is to reviewed the available historical documents and tried to separate the folklorish tales from first-hand narratives. In attempting to present a complete picture, Schindler included even blatantly anti-Mormon sources in his work. Schindler's presentation remains virtually untainted by either side's propaganda. He is quick to point out the aspects of any source which are heresay. As a result Schindler's book presents a perspective of Rockwell's life which is much broader and more inclusive than most others. He allows the reader to see both the angel of destruction and the man of God in Orrin Porter Rockwell. Anyone who is fascinated by Rockwell's life should add this book to their reading list.



The Diaries of Charles Ora Card: The Canadian Years, 1886-1903

Edited by Donald G. Godfrey and Brigham Y. Card



Charles Ora Card (1839-1906) was a prominent citizen and religious leader in Cache Valley, Utah Territory, before abruptly migrating to Alberta, Canada, in 1886. There, within the space of sixteen years, Card's dedication and vision left a lasting imprint on the Canadian West by virtue of the settlements, industries, and irrigation agriculture he helped to establish. With the aid of an insightful introduction provided by editors Donald Godfrey and Brigham Card, *The Diaries of Charles Ora Card* reveal the life and times of a significant figure on the Canadian and U.S. frontiers.

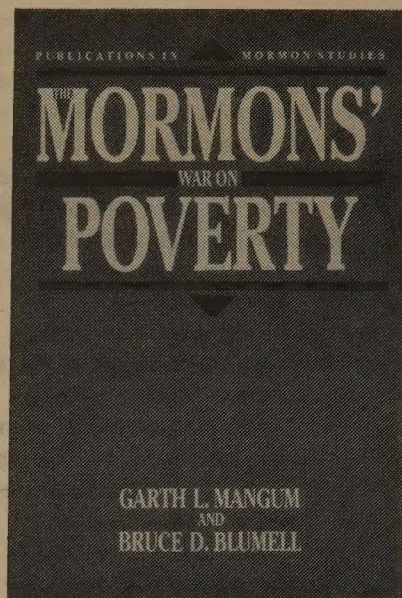
Fleeing Utah to escape prosecution for polygamy, Card's commitment to that practice made him a controversial figure in Canada. The diaries begin in 1886 with his own account of his arrest by U.S. marshals for having more than one wife and end in 1902-3 with his retirement to Utah, trying to

reconnect with his families and the communities that had changed substantially during his Canadian years. They show the Mormon church during a critical period, provide one of the most significant contemporary descriptions of the colonizing of Alberta, and reflect the life of pioneers as the adapted, developed, and settled two distinct regions of the North American West. David Whittaker, the Curator of Brigham Young University's Archives of the Mormon Experience, bills this book as "a major contribution to both Canadian and Mormon studies....From Mormon family life (and polygamy) to the more public affairs of religion and western colonization these diaries entertain and enlighten."

University of Utah Press

Mormons' War on Poverty

by Garth L. Mangum and Bruce Blumell



In the 1930s the LDS Church launched a welfare program to offer its needy members work opportunities and sustenance during the Great Depression. This was only one skirmish in the war against poverty that has been ongoing throughout the organization's 162-year history. A common set of welfare principles anchored practices that have undergone constant experimentation according to different economic and social environments. These principles aided the survival and absorption of thousands of emigrant converts during the early days of the church in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois and helped make possible the pioneer trek to the Mountain West. The settlement by the Mormons of a relatively barren and isolated wilderness accentuated the need for mutual concern and assistance, and the cooperative nature of Mormon economic

policy and institutions proved well suited to these necessities.

Integral to the philosophy of a cooperative economy is the doctrine given in one of the earliest revelations to Joseph Smith. "And the Lord called his people Zion, because they were of one heart and one mind, and dwelt in righteousness; and there was no poor among them" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:18). In the earliest phase of the church the welfare system was designed to approach the Law of Consecration, and at the same time the Women's Relief Society began as a society to aid needy individuals. Members found that with their pooled resources they could provide what was needed for their poor. Later the LDS welfare system reflected the frontier society in which they lived.

Garth Mangum, a professor of economics and management at the University of Utah, and Bruce Blumell, a professional historian, identify the various periods and kinds of welfare practiced by the LDS Church and trace their applications through a century and a half of experimentation.

Great Basin Kingdom

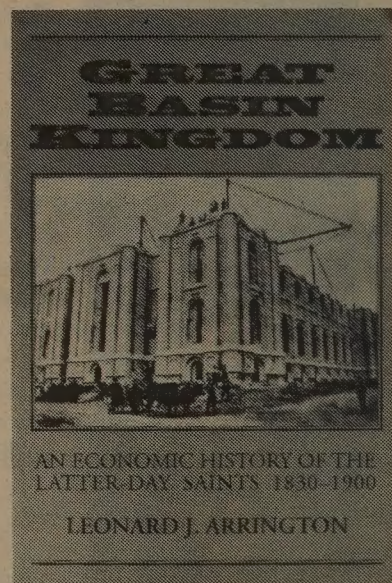
by Leonard Arrington

Thirty-five years after its original publication, Leonard Arrington's classic *Great Basin Kingdom* is recognized as a general history of the Mormons in Utah. The book, subtitled "An Economic History of the Latter-Day Saints 1830-1900," provides detailed descriptions of the "establishment of Zion." Arrington's depiction of the growth of the regional economy is accompanied by an encompassing description of the problems, policies, and institutions of the Mormons during the nineteenth century. The University of Utah Press describes it as a "fast-moving, dramatic story of dedication and deeds and the economics of religion in the American West."

Great Basin Kingdom explores the religious influence of Mormonism on the development of a new economic system. In the Preface to the new edition Donald Worster, an environmental historian at the University of Kansas, describes the book as follows: "[The book is] the work of an economic and social historian who was interested in how institutions took shape in one small part of the West and how they differed from those in other parts of the region and those back east." He goes on to explain that the author's "chief interest was how a vague half-articulated set of ideas had migrated to Utah and taken shape there as a thriving, distinctive order."

Arrington's work presents detailed description and analysis of the communal concept in Mormon economy. He devotes entire chapters to the cooperative movement (which among other things depicts the development of Z.C.M.I, Zion's Co-operative Merchantile Institution) and the United Order (including a description of the structure of Orderville, Utah).

Arrington's research for this historical chronicle is thorough and meticulous and as a result the book is not light reading, but for historical scholars it is a part of the Mormon historical canon. Originally published by Harvard University Press, the University of Utah was pleased to release the work in its first paperback edition.



Athletes and Alcohol: A Cover-up Conspiracy?

by Matthew MacLean

“Well, I had some good times at Brigham Young, but I also had to deal with some heavy hypocrisy. When you go there, you sign a paper promising to abide by the codes of the Mormon religion: no alcohol, smoking, etc. Yet, the same environment that claims to have this superior lifestyle puts up with some of the same things—drugs, booze, and cheating—that you see at some of the schools where you don’t have to give a blood oath about leading a moral life.”

This is the way Jim McMahon summarized his experience as football quarterback at BYU in his autobiography McMahon!. McMahon was known for breaking 70 NCAA records, leading the nation in passing and total offense during the 1980 and 1981 seasons, and leading his team to two bowl victories as BYU’s most prolific quarterback ever to that point. But to those around him, he was also known for his unruly behavior, wild antics, and bouts of drunkenness. A free spirit who found it difficult to adapt to the strict codes of a private religious school, McMahon seems himself to have been somewhat puzzled by layers of protection at BYU that shielded him off from the media, the school, and even the honor code.

“Some of my other brushes with trouble were more routine. I was caught drinking beer on the golf course during the summer, put on probation; caught chewing tobacco, put on probation; caught with beer in my room, put on probation. You get the idea. If I hadn’t played football, I wouldn’t have lasted, I don’t think.”

Special privileges for athletes are nothing new to universities. Currently the NCAA has 13 colleges placed on some kind of probation for violations of NCAA codes, usually involving the payments of money or gifts to athletes beyond their normal scholarships. Considering the millions of dollars the schools and promoters make off media contracts for the athletes’ performances, some no doubt feel they owe the athletes all the perks they can give them.

But at BYU, the issue goes beyond money. Athletes who choose to play at this school must conform to an honor code, just like the other students, whether they are members of the LDS church or not, whether they agree with the standards or not. But are these athletes really held to the same standard of accountability as the rest of us; or do they at times, as some of us may expect, receive special allowances for their special status? Are the athletes, in effect, above the law at BYU?

Based on recent events in BYU sports, one would not think that in 1986 six members of the men’s gymnastics team (including an assistant coach) were disciplined or released due to incidents of drinking alcohol during away meets. Just three weeks ago, two members of the men’s swimming team “voluntarily” left the team and BYU, so they could keep their eligibility to swim at other schools. The reason, again, was alcohol related.

But gymnastics and swimming don’t bring in the dollars or fame to BYU like football does. Why don’t we hear of football or basketball players being suspended for honor code violations? Are these athletes more clean than the rest? According to one former BYU athlete, who himself was once expelled for alcohol use, flagrant violations of BYU standards abound in the big sports as well, but no one hears too much about them.

“It’s well known that a lot of them party,” he said. “I’ve seen them drinking at parties myself.”

The former athlete, who asked that his name not be printed, listed several football players, including Kaipo McGuire, Chris Goldstead and quarterback John Walsh, whom he says he has seen at parties regularly drinking alcohol. He added to the list basketball players Shane Knight and Jay Thompson.

Patrick Bergen, one of the BYU swimmers who left the team and BYU for drinking violations, confirmed a widespread use of alcohol among athletes. Bergen described constant exposure to alcohol since the time he first came to BYU on a recruiting trip.

“They wine and dine us on I don’t know how much of BYU’s money, taking us snowmobiling up at Aspen Grove and out to eat at expensive restaurants. Gradually they picked out those who party from those who don’t and [those who do] were taken to a room where they pulled out Vodka for shots,” he said.

Bergen said that on his first weekend at BYU he was invited to someone’s house for some beers, and that since that time drinking parties were common.

“Before I was first reported, I was never afraid of being caught,” he said. “Everyone in our dorm seemed to know what we were up to, and no one ever said anything whenever we’d come in late, staggering, after drinking.”

Several athletes interviewed talked of parties full of BYU athletes. “It was like, when you met someone there you’d ask, ‘who are you and what sport do you play?’” Bergen said. Most all sports teams were represented, even woman’s teams—particularly the woman’s tennis and golf teams.

Another source which asked that his name be withheld reports to have witnessed an incident recently in Salt Lake City, at a bar called “Port of Call,” where he saw Walsh, drunk, antagonizing a group of University of Utah players. The U players would have hurt Walsh, he said, if it were not for some friends who interceded and took some punches meant for Walsh, managing to get him out of the bar and harm’s way.

Marc Seid, a BYU gymnast, said athletes may be unduly picked on and criticized because of their high profile positions. But he conceded that they might at the same time receive extra help or protection when it comes to honor code violations.

“When the coaches intercede, it definitely makes a difference,” he said. “If a coach goes in and vouches for the athlete’s character, promising to help him get over his prob-

lem, he’s less likely to get kicked out [than a normal student].”

The former athlete first cited said that the players in his sport were not protected like football players at BYU, and that had his coach interceded to cover up and protect him as do other coaches, he might still be on the team now.

The same athlete related the story of how, while being questioned by Honor Code office staffer Robert Ward, he was asked about all the details of his violation, including the names of any other people he knew to be involved. The athlete said he stopped and said, “Well, shall we talk about John Walsh?”

“We won’t worry about that,” Ward reportedly responded.

In defence of the Honor Code office, Assistant Dean of Student Life Tom Kullunki said that when a student is reported no one asks if the student is an athlete. He said every case is different, and the outcome depends on the severity and circumstances of the indiscretion. But generally the person is placed on probation after the first offence, after which he or she is expelled if there is another violation.

“Repeated offense means you’re gone,” he said.

Kullunki said he has received reports of violations by many athletes, including even Ty Detmer, but that usually the informers refuse to give their names or act as a witness. Without evidence or witnesses, no accusations can be acted on, he said.

Jim McMahon himself would probably agree with the accusations of protectionism of high-profile athletes. In his biography he describes stunts and crazy experiences he had while drunk with other players at away games, such as scaling around adjacent balconies on the 12th floor of a hotel.

McMahon related Coach Lavell Edwards’ advice to him on one occasion: “If you have to have your beers, Jim, do it discreetly.”

It is true that occasionally when players have violated the honor code (and attracted public attention in doing it) justice has been dealt out. But some may think the penalties to have been somewhat light. In 1991, key defensive players Ervin Lee and Paul Pitts were caught shoplifting at a local department store. Shortly afterwards, Pitts was involved in a traffic accident while intoxicated. The penalty: three missed games and a \$200 fine. The value of the two players to the team was evident by BYU’s giving up 52 points to the San Diego State Aztecs during their absence.

In 1992, Scott Charlton, Matt Zundal and Stephan DeSantis were caught in possession of a controlled substance, but charges were subsequently dropped, out of concern (according to the judge) for the damage to the witness the case would present. Shortly afterward, Trevor Molini and J.C. Van Collin were implicated in a perhaps more broadly practiced forging of prescriptions to obtain prescription pain drugs. The doctor was fired, but the players stayed.

And of course, who could forget Byron Rex’s outburst of obscenities directed to the Hawaii fans on national television last year? His penalty: one missed game and a letter of apology.

BYU student Brad Westover reported that he witnessed a football player assault another student February in an intramural basketball game. His team, though fairly small in size, had remained close in score to the opposing team, made up entirely of football players. Westover said the opposing team became increasingly frustrated and rough. Scott Merkley, a linebacker for the football team, was called for a foul, upon which he reportedly became angry and yelled foul language. When he was subsequently given a technical foul for the outburst, he drew back and slugged the player he had fouled in the head, knocking loose three teeth and breaking the player’s jaw in two places.

Westover said that when he phoned the *Daily Universe* to report the incident they expressed little interest and said, “We protect our athletes.” No story covered the incident until over a week later, in which it was never mentioned that Merkeley was a football player.

A *Universe* editor responded by saying it was not relevant in the article that the assaulting student happened to be a football player.

Several current football players interviewed, who asked to remain anonymous, denied allegations of widespread honor code problems on the team, except in certain “isolated” cases. But former members of the team were a little more willing to talk about the subject.

“I don’t know if I’d call it a dirty cover-up,” said David Coy, a member of the Cougar squad during the years 1981-1982. “But generally the coaches try to work with the players on their first few offenses, if they are not public, to try to correct the problem.”

Coy said he was generally aware that drinking was going on among players, and that religious preference seemed to have nothing to do with it: the drinkers, and the non-drinkers as well, included both LDS and non-LDS players.

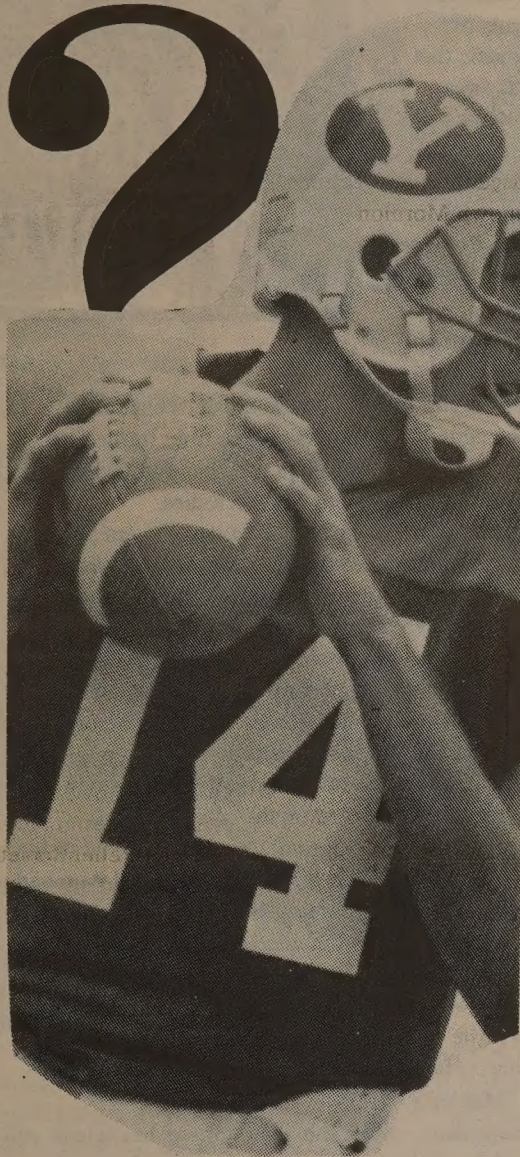
He described one occasion where he found out about a party at his own apartment complex, Carriage Cove, organized by a defensive starter on the team, at which there was a lot of drinking. But upon calling one of the coaches to inform him of what was going on, the coach acted as if he didn’t want to hear the news. Coy never knew whether any action was taken.

Another former player, who was on the team just last year and asked to remain anonymous, confirmed that it is common knowledge that some players drink, and that morality problems came up as well.

“Most of the guys are used to partying after the game, and so they continue to do so, keeping it pretty confidential,” he said.

Regarding the coaches, the former players said, “Well, the idea is to win, and the

see “Athlete” on page 11



The Seven Heavens of Classical

by Christine Cox

Music 101 and Humanities 101 both provide great introductions to the classical music of Western Civilization. Unfortunately, it can be difficult to keep track of all the details these classes provide in the limited time you have between tests. Classical music has gone through many changes, and you could fill an entire music store with the variety of styles this genre offers. That can be intimidating when you have to learn a couple cassettes of music for a test or if you are starting to build a classical music collection. To make things easier, the changes in classical music can be divided into seven general time periods. These seven categories cross over into painting and sculpture, which makes them easier and even more useful to remember. The following overview should be helpful, both in class and at the CD store.

Medieval—Music history begins long before the gothic cathedrals of Europe, but we have no actual music from civilizations before this period. It runs from approximately 400 AD until the 14th century (1300's). The Roman Catholic Church dominated both secular and religious learning (hmm...sounds familiar), and most of the music was written for masses. It is called Gregorian Chant after Pope Gregory I. Legend says that he single-handedly created this type of music through divine inspiration, although history proves it developed gradually under the direction of more than one pope. Don't try to find a consistent beat when listening to it; it has no structured rhythmic patterns. The text is always in Latin. If thinking of those monstrous cathedrals doesn't bring to mind what Gregorian Chant sounds like, just think of Monty Python's monks marching around and hitting their heads with boards. They're singing chant.

Renaissance—The influence of the Catholic Church began to waver as society moved towards more secular ways of thinking. Music likewise began to divide itself into two main types: religious and secular. Religious music, based on Gregorian Chant, became more ornate. Composers wrote more daring and complicated pieces that came to be called motets. All classes enjoyed the secular music, but it was most highly developed in royal courts. Artsy songs called madrigals became the rage. Written in the people's own tongue, they were racy little proposition songs and melodramatic love poems. Small groups of musicians performed these songs, using instruments such as the lute and flute-like pipes. The renaissance lasted until the mid-1600's.

Baroque—The term "baroque" usually has a negative connotation because it is most often associated with the extremely ornate architecture of Italy and France during this period. Still, music ran in two branches: religious and secular. Bach wrote incredibly complex church music for organ that continues to rival any other religious music. Handel composed *The Messiah*, which is performed more often today than it was then. We owe the most popular wedding reception music of today to Pachelbel and Vivaldi, who also created their well-known works during this time. The Baroque period lasted until the mid-1700's. Characteristics of the Baroque style are flowery melodies decorated with complicated ornaments, lots of string and brass

ensembles, and performer improvisation.

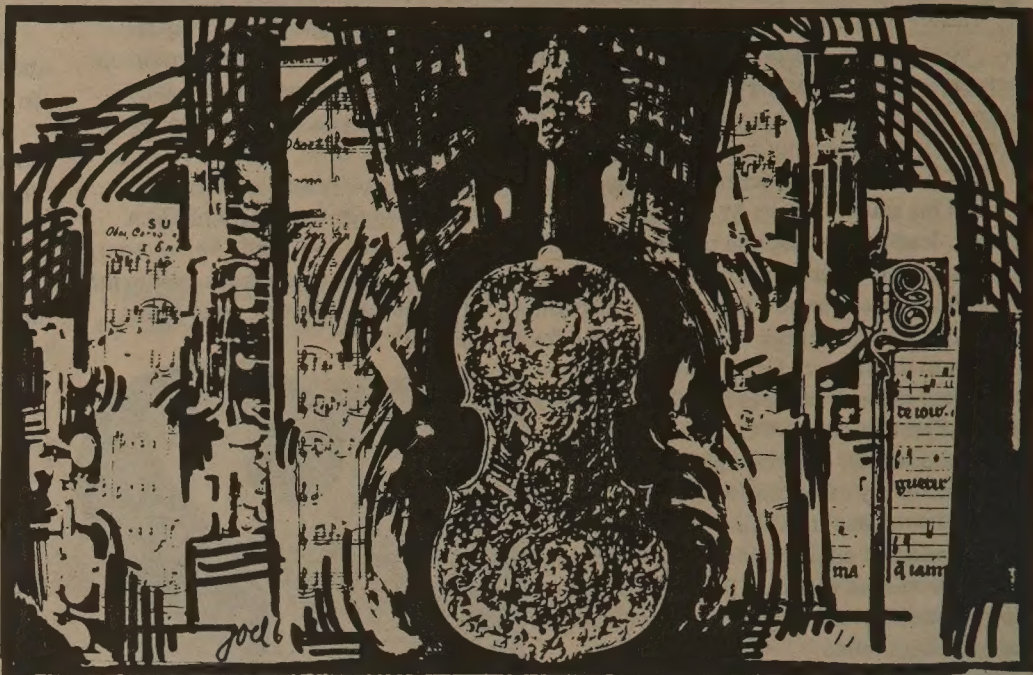
Classical—Around 1750, composers became frustrated and annoyed with the flowery Baroque style, so they decided to create music with more structure and order. Forms of classical music that we know today solidified during this period (concerto, symphony, string quartet, opera). The Classical era lasted only until about 1820, but more music was written in this period than any other.

Mozart and Haydn dominated the music scene, and Beethoven began his work during this time frame also. Classical music of this period has predictable, strict organization and simple, singable melodies.

Romantic—1820 to early 1900's was the era of the individual. Composers dropped inhibitions and wrote music for the sheer pleasure of writing. Forms of the Classical period were shrunk down or blown up in size. One American composer, Patrick Gilmore, was so ambitious that he set up a performance that used 22,000 musicians. Romantic music became big, complicated, and even melodramatic at times. Composers wrote programmatic music in which the music actually tells a story. Many virtuoso performers emerged on the scene, such as Paganini the infamous violinist who was rumored to have sold his soul to the devil for his talent, and Liszt who had women swooning and screaming at his piano concerts. Other exciting composers included Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and Schubert. Three female composers came onto the scene at this time: Clara Schumann (wife of Robert Schumann), Fanny Mendelssohn (Mendelssohn's sister), and Alma Marie Schindler (Mahler's wife).

Impressionism—Most music historians hesitate to call this a period, but it is an important transitional state. It overlaps the Romantic period a bit (1870's to 1920's). The French dominated this movement in both music and art. In art, Impressionism plays with the effects of light and color. In music, it plays with traditional music rules, particularly those having to do with harmonies and scales. Debussy and Ravel led the musical movement. Their music is light and playful and will often make you think of a Monet or Renoir print.

20th Century—This period is often the most difficult to listen to and understand. Most people feel uncomfort-



able and anxious when twentieth century compositions are played in concerts and recitals here on campus. Many sense pessimism and confusion in it. Artists of our century have searched for more fundamental ways of understanding the essence of material, art, and life. Ours is the age of "isms": expressionism, pointillism, serialism, minimalism, etc. It seems that each artist of the twentieth century has created a new -ism, and several have experimented with more than one. What is so difficult about the -isms is that each one uses a different kind of musical language. Some of the music, like that of Barber, sounds traditional. Other composers, like Schoenberg, Berg, and Stravinski, wrote music that sounds nothing like what had ever been done before. We have unintentionally become accustomed to some twentieth century music because of its use in movies, particularly in horror films. For example, the third movement of Bartok's *Music For Strings, Percussion, and Celeste* reminds me an awful lot of the soundtrack for Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (the one released last year). The great thing about twentieth century music is that it's not over yet. It will be interesting to see what composers of our generation are able to add to the growing list of musical changes this century has seen so far.

This overview will get you started. If you are beginning to build a classical CD collection, start with pieces of the Baroque and Classical periods. These will most likely be the most familiar to you and will give you a safe introduction to this kind of music. CD's that have more than one composer on them that don't cost a lot are the easiest way to figure out what styles you like. Also, the LRC on the second floor of the library will let you sample their extensive collection at no extra cost. Oh, they say that listening to Baroque music while studying helps you retain what you read better than any other kind of music. Give it a try.

Recognize My Name?

by Jay Bradley

Every so often a truly deserving band finds itself severely under-rated. Such is the case with My Name. Despite the fact that they live in the over-hyped music mecca of Washington and are on Seattle label C/Z Records, their style is original and refreshing.

After surviving Tacoma's local scene since 1986 and building a dedicated following, My Name has finally emerged nationally. Both of their albums, *Meagacrush* and *Wet Hills and Big Wheels*, have brought on a slew of critical analysis. These boys have been pigeonholed into almost every category possible, including the inevitable "grunge."

But although the band's musical influences can be categorized, their music cannot. Grasping the punk styles of the mid-80s and throwing in a mixture of jazz and spoken word artistry, My Name's style ends up being quite complex. Abe Brennon's lyrical ranting is complimented by the sporadic drumming of Dave Glæza. With the support of Rob Peterson on bass and Trevor Lanigan on guitar, My Name is ready to confuse music enthusiasts everywhere. Their songs can never be listened to casually—the intrigue is simply too great. My Name's songs both tax the mind and delight the senses.

Their past tours and local shows are now infamous for their intensity and spontaneity. Stranded in L.A. due to mechanical problems their latest tour supporting ALL unfortunately stopped short of Salt Lake. Look for them to come around to this area soon and pick up their two releases in the meantime.



Up On The Moon (Seven Times)

by Persephone

I have always thought that music sounds best during the wee hours of the morning when the world is asleep. Last night at 2 AM, as I listened to 7=49, the second release from The Moon Seven Times, I was sumptuously bathed in the memory of an all-night drive through the desert when the sky bled with orange, crimson and magenta. I felt surreal—feeling only a cool wind, smelling only sand, and seeing the skeletal silhouettes of saguaro cacti.

Those who have already taken the M7X journey often remark that the remote strands and dribbles dispersed so perfectly by Henry Frayne's guitar and pulled skyward by the crystalline ballet of Lynn Canfield's voice, somehow dredge up patches of nostalgia and pull the listener into a private sanctuary. In fact, it is fascinating that this band from Champaign, Illinois (made up also of Don Gerard on guitar and Brendan Gamble on drums) can create such an unearthly sound. That sound



has been compared to that of Cocteau Twins, early U2 and the Chameleons.

The Moon Seven Times emerged only a

couple years ago upon the dissolution of another band called Area. Lynn and Henry formed Area with keyboardist Steve Jones,

bequeathing an obscure and haunting treasure of five album releases to appreciative fans. Much of the slumberous melancholy of this earlier project is also felt on 7=49. The album begins with a slow surge reminiscent of waves in "Knock Intro," as though to hypnotically prepare the listener for the delicate realm of sensuality encountered in songs such as "My Game" and "Curling Wall" or the vigorous intensity of "Knock" or "John." But by no means does it feel too heavy. (One of the album's lighter moments occurs in the song "On A Limb.") Nor can the listener possibly approach tedium amid the variety of styles and instruments which synchronize into one mesmerizing experience.

7=49 will be available in stores March 22 and the self-titled Moon Seven Times debut, which has received outstanding praise, can be found in better music stores throughout the country. I recommend that you buy a copy, make yourself comfortable, and take the expedition that will carry you to a new plane of existence.

Nothing Fluffy About fluf

by Sam Cannon

At a time when I was listening to a lot of Tears for Fears and Aztec Camera, I read an article that changed my life, or at least my perspective on music. It was a review in *Rolling Stone* of Hüsker Dü's *Flip Your Wig*. The author said something to the effect that "if you can sing about heartbreak or confusion on key, you can't be too upset." Hüsker Dü certainly was upset in their day. Now, San Diego's fluf is upset, or at least they're singing off key about heartbreak and confusion.

Comparing fluf to mid-career Hüsker Dü is easy. Lead singer/guitarist, O (sic), sounds a lot like Bob Mould with his thick and desperate voice. Or you could compare fluf to Dinosaur Jr. when O turns up the crackly guitar and bleats out about, well, about heartbreak and all that. But they aren't Hüsker Dü, Dinosaur Jr., Sonic Youth, or any of the other bands I've seen them compared to. Sure they're similar, but not quite the same. They're fluf.

One factor that prevents comparison is fluf's style. Before you hear them, you see them. Their album art is clean and retro chic. To add to the fun, each format of their latest full-length, *Home Improvements*, has a different title. To give you an idea, the cassette version of *Mangravy*, their first album, was called *Shooting Putty at the Moon*. And if you buy records, you're in for special treatment. fluf are outspoken pro-vinyl advocates and they reward record buyers with extra tracks (like PJ Harvey covers!), even cooler art, and an absence of slogans like, "the cd is a big lie...they cost more...and don't think they don't skip f—er."

continued...

Athlete

coaches are under a lot of pressure to do so. I could see coaches and officials being extra lenient, in order to keep the best players on the team."

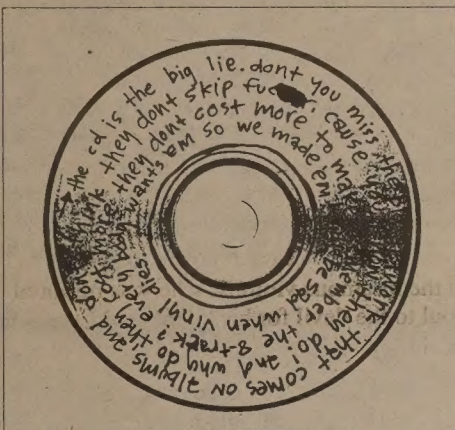
McMahon describes such an incident in his book. He speaks very highly of a friend on the BYU team, Dan Plater, who he nicknamed "Pluto."

"Dan was a Mormon, like most of the other students at BYU. But the difference was, Pluto was normal. He liked to have a few 'beverages' and mess around. We became fast friends and even lived together for one hellacious summer out there."

At one point, Plater was threatened with suspension from the team for his drinking habits, but McMahon stepped in and threatened to quit the team if any action was taken against his friend. Neither player was touched.

But in the end, BYU had its revenge against McMahon — after, of course, he was no longer useful.

"After football was done, they just happened to discover that I'd been seen drinking and chewing tobacco on campus. After my being around there five years, they just happened to see me now that my football eligibility was done," he said. His four years of football eligibility completed, McMahon was subsequently informed that because of honor code violations, he would not be allowed to graduate and receive his degree from BYU.



Along with their love for aesthetically superior wax, fluf makes no effort to hide their nerdy passion for their instruments. The back cover of the *Mangravy* CD showcases their "Top 3 favorite indie guitars," complete with full-color photos and specs. The center of the pretty, red vinyl *Wasting Seed* 10-inch displays their cherished effects pedals. The preaching is done tongue-in-cheek, though, underneath it all is a contagious enthusiasm for playing music.

And I haven't even got to the new album yet. *Home Improvements*, fluf's second album, casts a big, shiny hook right into your earlobe with the opening track, "Sticky Bun." Like many of the jams on here, "Sticky Bun" forces the listener to choose between doing backflips off the top of the fridge and singing along with an imaginary microphone. Simply put, on *Home Improvements*, the boys (O, Johnny Donhowe on bass, and Miles Gillet on drums) run amok for 42 minutes and 5 seconds straight. Each cut sounds rough, maybe

due to the fact that you can always hear the amp humming, even on the sedate and appropriately named, "Token Instrumental (sic)." Or maybe it's that most of time, fluf spits out melodic chunks of rock like a lawn mower going over gravel. Either way, it sounds sweet. You see, fluf's is a special kind of melody, not the toe-tapping kind but the can't-get-the-buzz-out-of-my-head-and-that's-fine kind.

Having only been around since 1992, and probably on the verge of bigtime exposure, we should expect to see and hear more from fluf. Here's hoping. In the meantime, invest in earplugs and a turntable.

what is student review
doing to celebrate
spring? (see ad on
bottom of
page three)

If you would like something in the calendar please call Rebekah at 377-8960. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

THEATRE, DANCE & FILM

The Wakefield Passion Play, Mar 10-26, 7:30 pm, Margetis Theatre, BYU, medieval religious drama, tickets, 378-7447.
International Cinema, Mar 14-19, Sorekara (Japanese), The Mystery of Kasper Hauser (German), Adam's Rib (Russian), SWKT, BYU.
The War Room, Mar 16 & 17, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S (SLC), movie on how Bill Clinton won the race, free tickets available at the Green Parrot or call 461-3399.
Taming of the Shrew, Mar 16-19, 8 pm, Jewett Center for Performing Arts, SLC, non-traditional version, call 488-4112.
Thus Spoke Zarathustra, thru March, Falling Skys Theatre, 1519 S Major St, SLC, 583-6414.
Scapino! Mar 16-Apr 2, Pioneer Theatre Company, SLC, 581-6961 for tickets & times.
David Mamet's Oleanna, Mar 16-Apr 17, the Salt Lake Acting Company, for tickets and info 355-ARTS.
Dancensemble Showcase, Mar 17-18, 7:30 pm, Dance Studio Theater, 185 Richards Building, BYU, tickets 378-5859.
Scarlet Pimpernel, till Apr 4, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.
Bundle of Trouble, till April 11, Hale Center Theatre in Orem, 226 W 400 N, call 266-8600 for tickets and times.
1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series, call 378-3875 for info and tickets, shows are, starting 24 Mar-Apr 1: Of Mice & Men; 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

THEATRE GUIDE

Babcock Theatre, 300 S University, SLC, 581-6961.
Capitol Theatre, 419 E 100 S, SLC, 355-2200.
City Rep, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000.
Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, 649-9371.
Hale Center Theatre SLC, 2801 S Main, SLC, 484-9257.
Hale Center Theatre Orem, 225 W 400 N, Orem, 226-8600.

Keep Theatre, 105 E 100 N, Provo, 373-1270.
Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340 E 300 S, SLC, 581-6961.
Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S State St, SLC, 364-5696.
Provo Town Square Theatre, 100 N 100 W, Provo, 375-7300.
Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N 168 W, SLC, 363-0525.

CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theatre, 56 N University Ave, 373-4470.
Avalon Theatre, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258.
Carillon Square Theatres, Orem, 224-5112.
Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.
International Cinema, 250 SKWT, BYU, 378-5751.
Scera Theatre, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560.
Tower Theatre, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234.
Varsity Theatres, ELWC & JSB, BYU, 378-3311.
Villa Theatre, 254 S Main, Springville, 489-3088.

CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

David Wilcox, Mar 17, 8 pm, Kingsbury Hall, Uof U, tickets at ArtTix or Kingsbury Hall.
Greg Smith, Mar 17, Mama's Cafe, St Patrick's Day shindig (classical guitarist).
Culture Beat with Hype-C & Tray, Mar 17, The Edge, 153 W Center, Provo, tickets \$9.49 at Sonic Garden.
Lex de Azevedo, Mar 18, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, BYU, tickets 378-4322.
Joashua Bell and the Utah Symphony, Mar 18 & 19, Abravanel Hall, performing the Violin Concerto of Tchaikovsky call 533- NOTE for tickets.
Larson & Scott, Mar 18 & 19, Mama's Cafe, Provo's Premier Folk Duo.
Group for New Music, Mar 22, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, FREE.
Doug Bush, Mar 22, 7:30 pm, Provo Central Stake Center, Organ Recital, FREE.
Folk Ensemble, Mar 22, 9 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, FREE.
Jazz Ensemble, Mar 23, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, tickets 378-4322.
Flute Choir, Mar 23, 9 pm Madsen Recital Hall, FREE.
Richard Thompson, Mar 23, Saltair, tickets at Smith's tix, 800-888-TIXX.

Blind Melon, Dig, & Alice Donut, Mar 24, Saltair, tickets at Smith's tix, 800-888-TIXX.
Crash Test Dummies with Mae More, Mar 24, DV8, 115 S West Temple, SLC, 539-8400, tickets at Crandell Audio.
Cocteau Twins & Luna, Mar 25, Saltair, tickets at Smith's tix, 800-888-TIXX.
The Posies, Permanent Green Light, Nectar & The Obvious, Mar 28, The Edge, 153 W Center, Provo, \$6, tickets at Sonic Garden, 37-Sonic.
Fishbone, Blohazard & Kyuss, Mar 30, DV8, 115 S West Temple, SLC, 539-8400, tickets at Crandell Audio.
Big Head Todd & the Monsters with Freddy Jones, Mar 31, Saltair, tickets at Smith's tix, 800-888-TIXX.

CLUB GUIDE (shows change nightly)

Bar & Grill, rock & alternative, 60 E 800 S (SLC), 533-0340.
Bourbon Street Bar & Grill, comedy, R & B, 241 S 500 E (SLC), 359-5905.
Cinema Bar at Spanky's, rock & alternative, 45 W Broadway (SLC), 359-1200.
D.B. Cooper's, jazz & acoustic, 19 E 200 S (SLC), 532-2948.
Dead Goat Saloon, rock & alternative, 165 S West Temple (SLC), 328-GOAT.
DV8, modern music & live bands, 115 S West Temple (SLC), 539-8400.
Gepetto's (Univ), jazz & acoustic, 230 S 1300 E (SLC), 583-1013.
Godfather's Pizza, local bands, 333 E 1300 S (Orem), 226-2040.
Green Parrot, rock & alternative, 155 W 200 S (SLC), 363-3201.
Green Street, rock & Sat. jazz, 610 Trolley Square (SLC), 532-4200.
Johnny B's Comedy Club, 300 S 117 W (Provo), 377-6910.
Mama's Cafe, local everything, 840 N 700 E (Provo), 373-1525.
Pie Pizzeria, jazz & acoustic, 1320 E 200 S (SLC), 582-0193.
Pier 54, jazz, blues, & other, 117 N University Ave (Provo), 377-5454.
Saltair, major concerts, exit 104 off I-80 (SLC), tickets at 1-800-888-TIXX.
Tropicana Club, live Latin American music, 1130 E 2100 S (SLC), 486-9559.
The Edge, 153 W Center St (Provo), 375-3131.
Zephyr Club, rock & alternative, 301 S West Temple (SLC), 355-CLUB.

EVENTS, ETC.

Ethical Issues at the Frontiers of Medicine, Mar 18, 9 am, JSB

Auditorium BYU, lecture given by Jeffrey R. Botkin, call 378-7399.
The Universe of Dr. Einstein, Mar 18, 7:30 & 8:30 pm, Summerhays Planetarium, ESC, BYU, \$1, use of telescope after lectures.
The Sagebrush Ocean, till Apr 24, Utah Museum of Natural History, photography exhibit of the Great Basin, call 581-4303.

ONGOING

International Etruscan Art Exhibit, till Apr 30, BYU Art Museum, \$5 for students, 378-BYU1.
Temple Square Concert Series, 7:30 pm, Assembly Hall on Temple Square.
The Garrens (Comedy Troupe), Fridays at 7:30 & 9:15 pm, 2084 JKHB (BYU), for reservations call (no sooner than Thurs) 377-1556.
League of Utah Writers, 2nd Tuesdays, SLC Main Library, 6:45 pm, 467-2935.
Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, call 583-6431, FREE.
Hansen Planetarium, 15 S State, SLC, shows include Laser U2, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Floyd, & others, 538-2098.
Family History Center Classes, every 2nd & 4th Sunday, HBLL Library, BYU, 378-6200.
Intermountain Country Dance Association, lessons, dances, workshops, & conventions, call Paul at 966-4207 or RoLayne at 968-6981.
Snowboard Races, at Snowbird's new Multi-Terrain Snowboard Park, call 521-6040 or 581-9606 for info on race dates.
KHQN Radio and Krishna Temple Open House, Sundays, 6 pm, includes mantra meditation, films, & vegetarian feast, call 798-3559 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork.
Pow-Wow, Indian Walk-in Center, 120 W 1300 S, please bring a chair if only observing, for times/dates call 486-4877.
Jazz Vespers, Sundays, First Unitarian Church, 600 S 1300 E, 486-5729.
Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, Thursdays, 8:00-9:30 pm, SLC Tabernacle on Temple Square.
Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word", Sundays, 9:30-10 am, Tabernacle on Temple Square, be seated by 9:15 am.
Pueblo Nuestro South American Folklore Group, open rehearsals from Ogden to Price, call Dave Sonntag, 773-7104.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

AIDS Hotline, 800-AIDS-411.
AIDS Testing, 534-4666.
Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.
Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.
American Cancer Society Gifts Program, 800-ACS-2345.
Amnesty International, for info call, 250-5190.
Ask-A-Nurse, 377-8488.
Best Friends Animal Sanctuary, 644-2001.
Big Springs Riding Stable, 225-8589.
Boating Info for State Park waters, 538-7221.
BYU INFO, 378-INFO.
Camping at Utah State Parks, 322-3770 or 800-322-3700.
Cancer Information Service, 800-4-CANCER.
Center for Women and Children in Crisis, 374-9351.
Concert Hotline, 536-1234.
Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.
Dial-A-Story, 379-6675.
Geneva Steel Plant Tours, 227-9240.
Governor, 538-1000.
Help Stop Poaching Hotline, 800-662-3337.
LDS Social Services, 378-7620.
Massages, full body/full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.
PACT, Peer Approach Counseling by Teens, 355-2804.
Peace Corps Recruiting Office, 581-5100.
People Who Care, family and friends of homosexuals, 373-5980.
Pet Placement, 467-3735.
Rape Crisis, for info & to volunteer call, 467-RAPE.
Red Butte Arboretum Hotline, 581-4747.
Reserve a Park Pavillion, 379-6600.
Sierra Club Hotline, latest national environmental news, 202-547-5550.
Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.
Sonic Garden, concerts & new releases, 37-SONIC.
Student Review Office, 377-2980.
Time and Temperature, 373-9120.
Uinta National Forest, 377-5780.
United Way, volunteer opportunities, 374-6400.
UTA, 375-4636.
Utah Birdline, 538-4730.
Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.
Utah Caring Program for Children, 481-6615.
Utah Tenants United, 359-2444.
Utah Tourism and Recreation, 538-1030.
Utahns Against Hunger, 328-2561.
Utility Assistance Program, Red Cross volunteers, 467-7339.
Wasatch Clean Air Coalition, 582-1228 or 583-8654.
White House, 202-456-1414.
Wildflower Hotline, 581-4747.
Women's Self Defense Classes, Bihonte Association of Martial Arts, 263-4007.
YWCA Programs, 355-2804.

EDITOR'S PICK

This week I would go see Culture Beat at The Edge on St. Pat's Day and then catch some Larson & Scott on the weekend at Mama's. With the weather being so great I'll probably stop by the observatory on campus to see the night sky, something you can never tire of. [Man. Ed. (Jenn)'s Note: If you wait till next week's Editor's Pick to get tickets to the shows starting next Thursday, you will die. Don't miss the incredible line-up that is gracing our sands: Blind Melon, Crash Test Dummies, Cocteau Twins, Luna, The Posies, and Fishbone—to name a few.]

AFFIRMATION: GAY & LESBIAN MORMONS is a non profit educational fellowship group serving gay and lesbian Latter-day Saints, their families and friends since 1977.

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